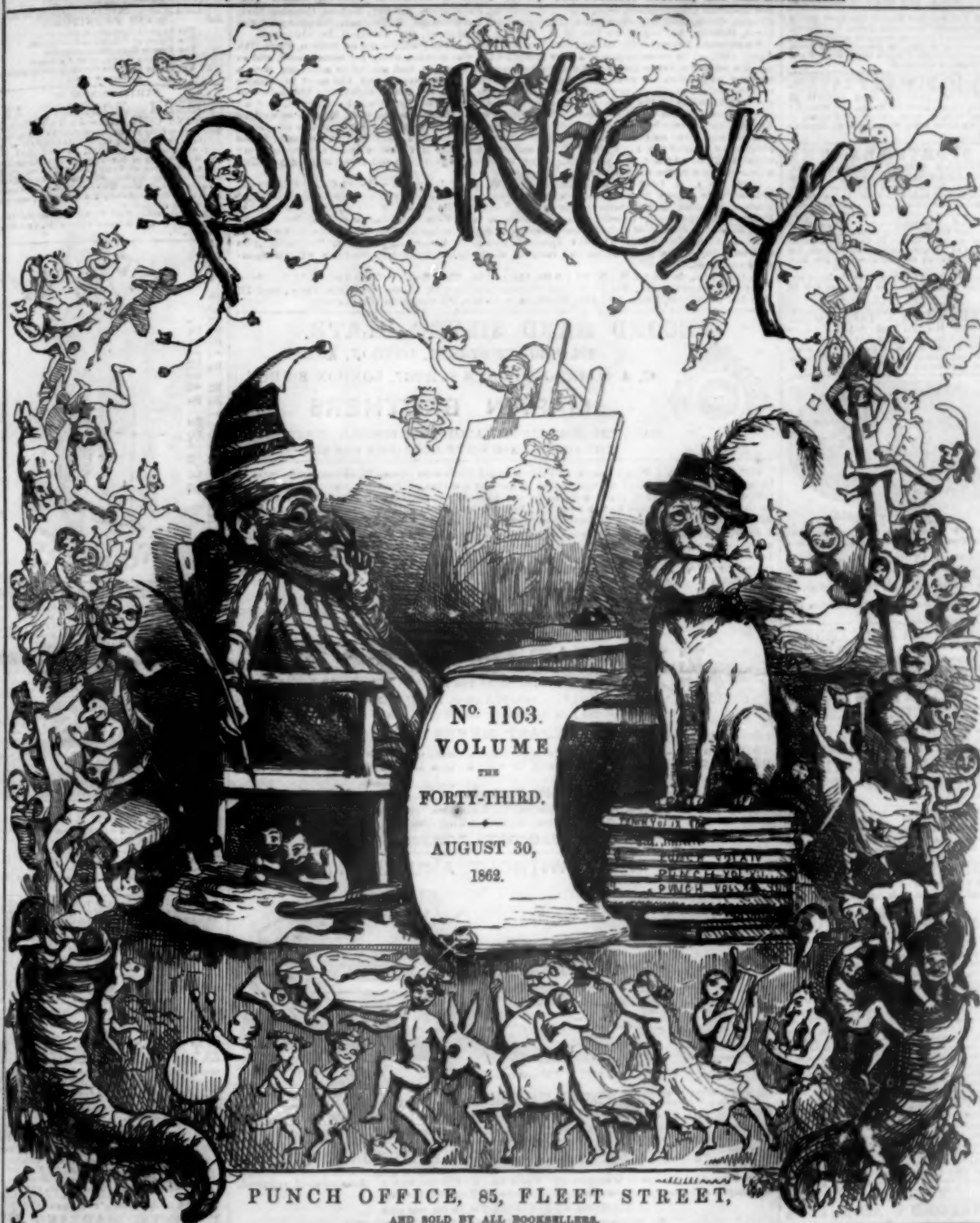


Vol. I. of THE GAZETTE OF BANKRUPTCY. (Jan. 1 to June 28.)

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ATKINSON'S PATENT STEEL COLLARS.—White as linen! unsurpassed in Comfort! washed and dried in a moment! Price 1s. 6d. per post four stamps each. Order made including length, round neck, Gent's and Wristbands, 2s. 6d.; per post 3s. 10d.—Sold by J. H. VERNAN, 156, Ludlow Street, E.C., and 94, Regent Street, W.

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FOND MOTHER (alluding to the little Prodigy in the pork-pie hat, who will insist on fraternising with JONES). "Bless her little heart, she is so fond of boys, she is."
[No wonder Jones and his cigar disagree after that!]

NEWS AT LAST FROM AMERICA.

FROM a recent number of the *New York Herald*, we take the following astounding piece of intelligence:—

"They (the American people) know that when this rebellion began the aristocrats of England took advantage of the chance to destroy us, and joined heart and hand with the slaveholding rebels. They know that this rebellion was born in Exeter Hall, nurtured by the English aristocracy, armed from English arsenals, and supported by English sympathy and assistance."

This is the first genuine bit of news we have received from America since the war broke out. It is all news, for we must confess that every item it alludes to is to us completely new—so much so, that if it had not been for the kindness of the *New York Herald*, we probably never should have heard a word about it. For the future, we shall rely on American papers only for our supply of English intelligence. They contain a great deal more than our stupid hum-drum home-grown journals, that slavishly restrict themselves to the truth. How true it is that one must go abroad to learn the news! We wish that our Scotch-American friend, the *Herald*, had carried its kindness a little further. We should like to have been furnished with the names of these same "aristocrats of England," who are so anxious to "destroy" the Northerners, and it would also have pleased us to have been told who are the same "rebels" that they are accused of being joined "heart and hand" with; for it strikes us that their hands and hearts, to be able to stretch so far, must have properties of expansion not less elastic than the principles of truth such as are generally observed in an American newspaper-office, like the one we have gratefully quoted from above. Other interesting particulars are similarly wanting, the absence of which leaves the information sadly incomplete. Why not have let us into the secret as to who were the nurses and anxious parents who assisted at Exeter Hall at the birth of the above-mentioned "rebellion?" Exeter Hall has many wicked, reprehensible things to answer for, but we little suspected that anything could be laid at its doors that was half so monstrous as the civil war that is at present casting a blot on America almost as black as that of slavery itself! Then, who are the members of "the English aristocracy," we are anxious to learn, who so fondly nurtured this rebellion? Out of justice to the House of Lords, their names should not be kept unrevealed, any more than "the English arsenals," which supplied the arms, should be shielded from public obloquy. The information might be pointedly conveyed through the medium of a *Who killed Cock Robin?* ballad, and such a poetic form would admit of the additional richness of illustration. In some future edition, we hope that Mr. GORDON BENNETT will fill up these disappointing lacunae, and we will promise him that they will produce in England an effect fully equal to that of

ATROCITIES OF THE LAW.

THE *Times*, with good reason, traces ROUFFELL'S career of crime to the original moral error committed by his father in marrying his mother too late. That error, however, might have been rectified but for the law which prevented old ROUFFELL from repairing it. The law of Scotland would have enabled him to make the necessary reparation. That law works well there, and there is nothing to forbid its establishment in England but the pigheadedness which cries *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, right or wrong, and the abstract love of injustice which has resisted so many reforms, which taxes earnings at the same rate as interest, and empowers a landlord whose rent is unpaid to seize the goods of his tenant's lodger.

Evident, Per Se.

WOULD MR. COWPER make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Certainly.

What makes you think so?

Because he would always be able to make both ends meet.

How so?

Because he never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it.

Ah!

A Real Blockade.—That which is keeping patriots in America.

A Paper Blockade.—That which is keeping truths out of America.

any sensation paragraph that was ever spiced up at New York to meet a depraved appetite in his highly-seasoned columns.

We trust these omissions will shortly be supplied, as we should be sorry to look upon the above startling information as having no more value or reliability attached to it than if it were a common Government despatch, or a war bulletin, or "ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY" concocted in some back-office in the Broadway. In addition to the other calamities inflicted on the country by the war, we hope that the sound of the cannon has not startled the Truth out of America. The next mail will bring us comforting assurance that she is still tarrying yet awhile in the Editor's room of the *New York Herald*.

SOME GOOD ACTING.

A GOOD Man struggling with difficulties is said by the ancients to be a sight the gods loved. It served such ill-natured deities right to be abolished. But what shall be said of the sight of a good Woman in such a condition? Not only the gods of our time, but the pit and boxes also, revel in the spectacle. Mr. Punch owns to having enjoyed it also, and mentions the St. James's Theatre as the locale, and Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS as the Woman. Go and see her. She has been fitted, and very dexterously, from a French store-house, with a part in which a woman's gallant struggle against a wife's sacred duty of submission, is so set out, that, although the accident which gives the rebellious female a temporary triumph brings disaster to her innocent lord, you cannot grudge her the victorious innings for which she has worked so well, and you are with her, even in the moment when the truth comes out and she is repentant—or as repentant as a defeated and therefore injured woman can be. The contest for mastery is well waged, and the majestic and elaborate eloquence of her spouse, if it does not silence her, at least keeps her in check—but in an evil moment he becomes love's ambassador for a peccant friend—and the battle is given to the hands of his wife. It is worth going to the play for the sake of hearing one speech of intensely condensed vindictiveness. "That you were a Brute, Mr. KERR MUDGEON, I have long known. That your personal appearance is the reverse of attractive is beyond dispute. But I did—yes—I did believe that you had Morals." Mr. Punch has not the faintest hesitation in penning a paragraph which is not only a Puff, but meant to be, and designed to send people to see *Bristol Diamonds*, and with the same unshrinking courage he begs to return thanks to Mrs. FRANK, and to her brave but unfortunate husband, for some of the best comic acting he has seen for many a night. He has praised *Endymion* before, but a silvery vision of *Diana*, or MISS HERBERT, or both, has been gliding through his dreams, and rendering them extra-beatific.

A MANUFACTURED ARTICLE.



If it had been red ink now—Sanguinary MARY—ha! ha! but he will improve, he will improve.

Number 2. This comes from Manchester, and in the corner of the note is a pair of compasses straddling over a square, which accounts for the mysterious character of the communication. We print it intact:—

"Factionous Swell (taking his morning's gill). Your beer is rather tart, old fellow.
"Landlord. It's the haze, and not the weathaw (? weather.)"

Punch has not the faintest idea as to what his correspondent means, but perhaps readers may be more lucky. Gills used to mean collars, but we don't understand what beer has to do with collars. But we did not sit down to think, but to make an article.

From Manchester to Liverpool is but a step, we believe, and the next we take up is dated from the latter city.

"STREET SCENE."

"PLACE.—Musical Instrument Shop, — Street, Liverpool.

"TIME.—Friday, August 21st, 1862.

"Enter Customer. Ah! Have you any first class instruments?"

"Shopkeeper. Oh, yes Sir, best stock in town, can't be beat, Sir.

"Customer. Can't be beat? Oh, then, you won't suit me, for I want a drum.

"(Shopkeeper's surprise may be imagined.)"

Please to imagine it until you are tired, and then you can leave off. Another correspondent:—

"Sir,—I beg to offer the enclosed incident for your inspection, hoping to see it in Punch if it is found suitable."

Well, let us inspect the incident. What is it?

"SCENE.—Downybrook Fair, or any other place where rival factions can meet.

"True Blue. Down with the Pope!"

"Roman Catholic. Who said that?"

"True Blue. Shure meself it was.

"Roman Catholic. Take that then.

"(Hits him on the head with his shillelagh.)"

A very pleasant incident, and we are happy to have inspected it. The writer's hope is gratified, and as he is in our debt, perhaps he will allow us to request a gratification in return, namely, a cessation of his valuable correspondence.

Our next correspondent is good enough to supply us with a hint for an engraving, which he considers "may tend to put down that which endangers the lives and persons of the community." Mr. Punch would be more than happy to supply the picture, but the fact is that all his artistic young men are out of town, and he is unwilling to lose a moment in producing a remedy for a crying evil:—

"My suggestion is JOHN BULL in fear of the Garotter.—A conveyance drawn by a pair, marked 'Garotter', a garotter inside. In the distance a grotto of oyster-shells and a child crying out 'Please, Remember the Grotto, Grotter. The Garotter.' I think it would be appropos to the season, and with your assistance, accompanied by the assistance of one of your celebrated artists, would please the public, at the same time caution them."

Punch has made his apology for the absence of the assistance of one of his cele-

brated artists, and feels that the idea of his correspondent is so vigorous that it needs no pictorial illustration. He trusts to hear that garotting is at an end. Who comes next?

A Poet. Ha! Let us see. Poetry is acceptable at this season.

"RHYMES ON THE POACHING BILL."

"And now I have a song to sing, a song I'll sing to you,
Of occurrences that happened in eighteen-sixty-two;
Of a Bill in fact that was brought in towards the close of Session,
Of course, for the man who brought it in was called Sir BALDWIN
LEMONTOUS (late one)."

Hm! Well—yes—and there are three pages more. On the whole, perhaps, we'll only taste the Pierian spring this time, with thanks to the Yorkshire lad who has turned it on.

Ah! this is something like a correspondent. He supplies both picture and wit. Bless him! We can't well use his picture, and regret it, for the work is grand in conception and conscientious in execution. It represents a butcher's boy leaning on a tray, and another boy behind him, pinching him. The letter-press is to be as follows:—

"First Boy singing the song of 'The Lively Flea,' and at the same time pinching the Second Boy. Second Boy was possibly looking into the window of a shop when the First Boy came up and commenced pinching him as hard as he could, crying out that it was only a lively flea."

Ha! ha! ha! Very smart, indeed. Happy to hear from W. P. H. again. Now come a lot of advertisements. Eh, what's this? It's genuine and cut from some local print:—

FEMALE wanted, with exceedingly thick full lips (it will be quite useless for any others to apply), as Attendant upon, and Model to a Gentleman Artist; a coloured woman, or a poor widow preferred; good wages given. Apply by letter only, stating age, address, and particulars to, &c.

Would not the Cleopatra in the International answer the gentleman's purpose. She is not, like her neighbour the Venus, a coloured woman, and CLEOPATRA was rather a rich than a poor widow; but the coveted lips are there. Another advertisement, all the way from Central India (thank you, LIEUTENANT F., and how is the beer at S.?)—

"A Meeting of the Vaywahar Ooprogess Dnyan Yurdhuc Subha will be held this evening, at half-past 7 P.M., in the hall of the Khetwady Reading Room and Library, when MA. KACHUSRO NOWROSE will read his paper in Gujaratee, on 'Man and Woman compared.' The attendance of the public is requested."

Our correspondent wants to know the meaning of the above. We have sent a copy to SIR CHARLES WOOD, with orders to explain in a private letter: if he does not, or if, as is more probable, his explanation is ten times more puzzling than the text, he will hear from us in a way he won't like.

Seventeen correspondents to-day, twenty yesterday, and about a hundred previously, have sent us an advertisement in which—here it is:—

MATRIMONY.—A Lady of Rank, having, under peculiar circumstances, been asked by the friends of a handsome fashionable, and amiable young gentleman of distinction to effect a marriage, will be glad to hear, confidentially, from a lady of fortune wishing a really good and happy position.—Lady X.X., Poste Restante, &c.

Mr. Punch himself, or rather Mrs. Punch, inserted the advertisement, wishing to marry off and settle one of their young men who was getting a little too fond of his club, and our friend PADDY GREEN. The result has been most fortunate, a very beautiful girl was selected by Mr. Punch, out of a garland of twenty-seven who answered the invitation, and the marriage was solemnised straight off and will be found announced in the Times of Saturday last. He is sorry to have given his correspondents so much trouble, but has charged himself with the interests of the other twenty-six young ladies, and is open to receive proposals for their hands—they all have money, and eleven of them have brown hair—correspondents will specify the colour they admire.

Mr. Punch at the same time inserted the following advertisement, which has also been sent to him by scores of astounded friends:—

A LADY of High Birth and Title, will AFFORD any Lady of adequate fortune, desirous to become settled in a good position in society, the BENEFIT of peculiarly advantageous INTRODUCTIONS to exclusive circles.—Name and particulars (in confidence) indispensable. Lady V., &c.

Mr. Punch is restrained by peculiar considerations from stating as yet the result of this announcement, but "Lady V." (Mrs. Punch) has had numerous applications in reply, and has had to decline several propositions on the part of

ladies of neglected education, and may say here, once for all, that aitches are indispensable.

Here is one which he did *not* put in:—

A PARTMENTS, with a pension for attendance required; nearly rent free; coals, candles, and washing (put out) free; forming a very cheerful and comfortable home. A retired old gentleman, who has never been an invalid, offers FIVE good-sized ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished, in a nearly new house, at 7s. a week, to avoid the trouble he has had with servants. For the greater chance of a permanent arrangement, he would prefer a lady past middle age, with a family of well-bred children, who can give him good attendance, and very good plain cooking. A small present will be made every week to each person employed, according to merit, terminating in a single pension at the end of two years. No other lodger taken. Apply by letter only, describing family, to A. B., &c., Islington.

"Dear Punch,—You who know everything, do oblige me by unravelling this tangled skein, which is given up by Mamma and myself as unfathomable. Make it clear, there's a dear creature, to SARAH ANN."

Mind your metaphors, SARAH ANN—skeins are not unfathomable. We have a notice that this retired old gentleman will be found to be a Cannibal. Who in his senses invites a family of children unless he means to eat them. Well-bred children, too. Just as he would stipulate for dairy-fed pork. Decidedly A. B. is a Cannibal, and it is clear also that an old gentleman who has never been ill must be a savage, no man in civilised life lives to old age without occasional illness. "Terminating in a single pension at the end of two years." Just so, he will have eaten them all except one by that time, as the Cyclops promised to serve Ulysses—

"When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Outside shall be the last I will devour."

The Islington Cannibal! Don't you go to his house, SARAH ANN, let your Mamma go, as she is probably a lady past middle age, and not good eating. We are glad to have saved you from being devoured, and in the satisfaction of having done a good action, and knocked together an article, Mr. Punch will now go and throw a few more harmless stones into a smiling sea.

Stop! he has one other stone to throw, not into the sea. People who send him valuable contributions like the above have a habit of asking him to return them if he does not want them. He has repeatedly said that he will do nothing of the kind, and begs once more to apprise the Public that what he does not print goes to the Buttermilk of the hour. To how many more bothering idiots must he tell this. Their only chance for recovering their rubbish is in a stamped and directed envelope, so that he can return the enclosure without looking at it.

TWO PRIESTS.

The longer Mr. Punch lives the more frantic becomes his admiration for the Romish Priest. He considers that individual, whether he be the POPE cursing from the chair of the heathen deity, or the Irish peasant bellowing anathemas over his whiskey toddy, to be one of the most remarkable creations ever sent on earth for the improvement and edification of mankind. This week, Mr. Punch has the felicity of contemplating the Priest in his most exalted and most debased position. Curiously, in both cases, he appears as a fierce enemy of the present Government.

MR. MAGUIRE has been making a speech at Skibbereen, at a dinner given to a Roman Catholic bishop, and the honourable gentleman said—

"The POPE himself declared to me that the PALMERSTON Government is the worst enemy of the Church of God upon the face of the earth."

This is a dreadful statement from the lips of Infallibility. The only comfort is, that His Holiness has said the same thing of so many people. Any sovereign or subject who happens for the moment to put dyspeptic Infallibility into one of those "rages" of which the Romans make such unbecoming fun, is immediately declared to be the worst enemy of the Church. VICTOR-EMMANUEL has long been given over to Diabolus, GARIBALDI, of course, has not a chance hereafter, and it was only the other day that the Eldest Son of the Church, LOUIS NAPOLEON himself, protector of Rome, was indirectly informed by the POPE that his Majesty was "in league with the Devil." LORD PALMERSTON comes in only for the tail of the storm. But let us be more charitable than our friend the POPE appears to have been, and suppose, not a clerical error—that would be rude, but a typographical one. Suppose that a mistake has substituted the most sacred of names for the name "Rome." We know that whether the POPE said this or not, it was what he meant. In that case, LORD PALMERSTON ought immediately to write a handsome letter to MR. MAGUIRE, with the PREMIER's best thanks for publishing so valuable a certificate of his character, and giving him a new and indisputable claim to the regard of all honest and religious persons.

While PAM is considering his course, let us see the Priest in another light. The amiable feelings of the Irish Catholics towards the son of the man who gave them emancipation are pretty well known. But a little illustration of those feelings may be acceptable to the collectors of curiosities. Some folks pin scorpions and other vermin into paper boxes, some preserve specimens of Irish priestcraft. Here is one of the latter.

One JOHN COGHLAN, a so-called Archdeacon of Achonry, writes to a Dublin paper:—

"It is reported that SIR ROBERT PEEL is to come to shoot here this season. With what a howl of execration will the fellow be met, if the people can recognise him."

The "fellow" condescended to inquire whether this letter were really the production of the person whose signature was appended to it, and the answer is, an admission of the letter, and abuse of SIR ROBERT for "morbid sensitiveness with reference to expressions of grief and indignation wrung from a clergyman." The priest, however, hastens to repudiate a construction which a Dublin paper has, he says, put upon the passage about shooting, as he did not mean a suggestion that SIR ROBERT "should be shot at." We might hesitate to accept the priest's own denial, inasmuch as it might be the result of well-grounded fright; but to do him justice, we do not believe that he meant to recommend one of those murders, to the "causes" of which the Irish Catholic bishops have lately announced that they are not blind. We think that he only meant a clumsy taunt in connection with SIR ROBERT's falsely imputed indifference to the sacrifice of human life. But the priest pleads guilty to the charge of writing what is an incitement to an ignorant rabble to raise "a howl of execration" against an unoffending gentleman. And we know what an Irish howl of execration means. It was raised the other day against some young Protestant ladies in Ireland as they came home from bathing, and they scarcely escaped with life. COGHLAN is not worth prosecuting, or the Castle could pin him against the wall of a goal as easily as Mr. Punch pins him here, but it is better to let such creatures alone. But should SIR ROBERT choose to shoot in Skibbereen, and should he be maltreated, we should think that ARCHDEACON COGHLAN would require legal assistance, and we should suggest that its efficacy be tested before an English jury.

Pope or priest, the minister of Rome is, as Mr. Punch has remarked, an extraordinary being, and our frantic admiration for him needs no more justification than is to be found in the above paragraphs.

SENSATION PARAGRAPHS.



THE roar of the Lion in the forest in the dead stillness of the night inspires terror—the lightning, that strikes the mast in a storm at sea, produces feelings of the liveliest alarm—the explosion of a bombshell, scattering destruction around, will make the stoutest heart quake with fear—but perhaps no sight in the world is half so terrible as that of a hungry man who has been kept waiting more than five minutes for his dinner!

The Maelström may be fathomed,—Big Ben even may ultimately be sounded—but Woman's heart never!

It requires courage to lead a forlorn hope—no little firmness is requisite to break some fatal news to a suffering friend—and a deal of moral heroism is wanted to forgive an injury in one who has been dearly loved—but what are these compared to the superhuman effort that is needed at some fancied sound of alarm, to descend alone at three o'clock in the morning into a kitchen that we know to be swarming with blackbeetles?

Some like Sparkling champagne best, whilst others give the preference to Still; but happy, oh! twice happy, is he whose conscience combines both qualities—one that is, at the same time, both sparkling and still!

A Good Confederate Cry.

ACCORDING to the Correspondent of the *New York World* in Virginia, "GENERAL POPE's order for the army to subsist on the country, has caused indiscriminate plundering all through the Virginian valley." The Yankee POPE is worse than the Roman Pontiff. His Holiness does not at any rate openly and avowedly wage war by means of an army of brigands. Atrocities such as those perpetrated by GENERAL POPE's marauders cannot but provoke a cry of "No Popery!"

A WARM IMAGINATION.

"VERY hot in the Exhibition to-day?" said one friend to another, over his International dinner. "Very!" replied the latter, "the Nave, I declare, reminded me of Central Africa—the heat was quite Tropical."



RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

FRANCE TO ITALY.

ITALIANS, you but waste your breath,
The right you cry for stands no chance;
You raise the shout of "Rome or Death!"
And "Death!" is the reply of France.
Yes, death, my friends, for I am strong;
France is resolved to have her way;
Her will is law which, right or wrong,
The weak must perish or obey.

Your claim of Rome I must refuse,
For I don't want you to become
Too independent, and I choose
To keep you underneath my thumb.
But death's a boon I won't deny,
If you desire to bite the dust,
Brave, then, the might of France, and die;
If die you will, then die you must.

My Bourbons I dethroned, 'tis true;
But therefore cherish not the hope
That I shall ever suffer you
To do the like, and doff the Popz.
His power it suits me to maintain,
My cannons guard the Papal chair;
You pray for liberty in vain:
Attempt to win it if you dare.

The Eldest Daughter of the Church,
Must needs defend her parent's Head,
And keep the Pontiff on his perch,
Although upon your necks he tread.
Creeds may by her be turned to sport,
Or dogmas carelessly ignored,
But France must Popery support
As an Idea, with the sword.

To supplicants what I did not grant
Claimants from me shall never wring;
To stern demand of course I can't
Think of conceding such a thing.
Honour forbids me to concede,
To menace, what is justly due;
Then how you strike for Rome, take heed:
Death is your portion if you do.

A generous nation am I not?
Of progress don't I lead the van?
Befriend the struggling patriot?
And vindicate the Rights of Man?
Ah! yes, but I must domineer,
So cannot call my forces home.
Then Death to every Volunteer
So bold as to advance on Rome!

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.

ACTUALLY, the Eastern Counties Railway is no more! Don't be alarmed, TOMKINS, there still are trains to Lowestoft. But there are no longer trains upon the Eastern Counties. By an Act which passed last Session, that Railway is in future to be known as the Great Eastern. Don't frighten your wife, TOMKINS, by saying that whereas you thought of taking her to Lowestoft, you now intend to treat her to a trip by the Great Eastern. She might not like the notion of going to New York just now, with the chance perhaps of seeing you a conscript for M'CLELLAN. So, when you speak of the Great Eastern, mind you mention the word Railway; and meanwhile join with *Mr. Punch* in hoping that the name of the Great Eastern will stand higher in the railway world than that which it succeeds; and, as one way of insuring this, let us hope that express trains will not be bound to stop five times in forty miles, as, *Mr. Punch* has heard, they used to do upon the Eastern Counties.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—AUGUST 30, 1862.



A NEW JUDGMENT OF "PARIS."

MR. PUNCH. "SURELY, MY DEAR EMPEROR, YOU CANNOT DOUBT WHICH IS THE RIGHT MAN FOR ITALY."



DISCOVERIES IN LONDON.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Lisbon Hotel, Fleet Street.

"I SEE in the newspapers all sorts of letters from fellows who think it will interest the world to know that they have been bitten by fleas in Switzerland, have tumbled off mules in the Pyrenees, and have been without clean shirts in Paris because their luggage has been sent on to Marseilles. I suppose they sincerely imagine that what is so uncommonly interesting to themselves must delight everybody else, but I never did write in that fashion, although I have been to a good many places, the Himalayas, Constantinople, Pernambuco, and California among them. But when a fellow has made a real discovery of unknown parts, I think he may be allowed to write about it without seeming a Negotistical Hass.

"Of course I was in Scotland last week shooting. Then comes a telegram calling me up to London—then comes the limited mail, and here I am. I must mention this because it would create a natural prejudice against my character as a gentleman, at the outset of my letter, if I represented myself in town now without some extraordinarily good reason. Fact is, that an aunt, from whom I have great expectations, had chosen to come up and see the Show, of which she had spoken and written with the most serene contempt during the decent months. It was the thing for one to come up, old man, and the grouse may go to the deuce. If all goes well I may have moors of my own some day, but not if I neglect Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK.

"Well, duty is duty, and noways pleasure, and I didn't expect much gratification from showing Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK the Koh-i-Noor and Armstrong's guns. But I thought I might manage somehow, and she goes to bed about the time one goes to dinner.

"But, my dear old man, when I called on Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK at this hotel (which I never heard of before, but it seems her mother used to go to it, I suppose in the time of QUEEN ANNE—you'll laugh, but it's near your own office), I found that she had brought up a young lady with her. Pretty girl, uncommon intelligent, and knows a precious deal more of many things than yours truly does. I ought to add that she turned out to be a cousin of mine, whom aunt has adopted, and means to do the handsome by. Her name's GRAZINGSTOCK too, Miss HESTER GRAZINGSTOCK, if you please.

"Well, her face put a new face on matters, rather, for I am not ashamed to say that I like the society of a pretty girl who can talk, and her being a cousin of course relieved me (as I thought) from personal danger. So at it we went, sight-seeing like anything you like.

"The Show was soon done with. I fancy they were rather disappointed with most things except the pictures. But Miss GRAZINGSTOCK had never been in London before, and I was ordered to do London sights with her. Aunt chose generally to stick at the hotel window, and see the cab-horses tumble down, and then open the window and scold right out at the people for not helping the poor beasts up again; so my cousin and I saw the sights by ourselves. Now I had no more notion what to show the girl than if I had been taking her through the moon, but I had a confidential chat with a waiter down-stairs who had been showing London to his little boy, and he put me up to a good many things.

"My dear old man, there is a deal to see in London. I have heard the names of some of the places, but of course I never went near 'em, and thought that they were something the lower orders did, like Greenwich fair, where I have been, and ridden in a roundabout with Members of Parliament. But I assure you, and I have seen all the capitals, that there is a wonderful deal to look at in London. Do you know that the inside of St. Paul's is worth seeing—some rummy statues no doubt, but a grand effect, and the view from the top is immense. Did you ever go to the Tower? You must have seen it on the left as you have gone down to your whitebait. I swear to you it's a most historical place, full of real curiosities, and something interesting at every turn. I thought I should never get HESTER out of that dungeon; and she was so awfully well up in QUEEN ELIZABETH, and all that sort of thing, that the show-fellow was quite delighted, and asked her to take his place; and didn't she look pretty when the colour came up—what's that to you, old man? But did you ever go over Westminster Abbey? Well, now, you can easily get there—take a boat from near your place, and tell them to put you out at Westminster Bridge. You've no idea what a fine church it is: talk of Notre Dame, and St. Stephen, and St. Sophia—it's worth all three; and there are tombs of all the chaps you read about, and poets, and no end of talent. Well, my boy, there are a lot more things. I dare say you never heard of a place called Guildhall. It's in the City. I forget the street, but the cabmen know. Go and see that. There are two of the most outrageous Guys you ever saw, called Gog and Magog, and there is a lot of antiquarian things that, if they were in a private house, and only to be seen by interest, everybody would be after. But there's another place that we found out. It is in a beasty part of the town, I allow, near Tottenham Court Road; but, when you get into the building, you forget all that, and you can go in a close cab. It is called the British Museum. My old man, there's no such a collection of everything in the world, from a silver penny to a sarcophagus,

in any part of Europe. Wonderful old writings, autographs, statues, coins, medals. I can't tell you what a show there is. Were you ever taken over the Bank? I declare I wouldn't have missed that sight for ninepence. There's a thing that weighs sovereigns, and spits out the light ones, and then a thing that cuts them across like a split shot—it does everything but speak; if they'd take it to Piccadilly, and charge a bob for showing it, they'd be able to pay the national debt in a year. Then we were told to go over London Bridge, and see a marvellous old church in Southwark. I only know I've driven miles in foreign parts to see something not a quarter so fine, and yet I never knew of this—it is in a hole on your right as you go to the Brighton railway. HESTER knew all about it, and the Lady Chapel. Go and see it, old man. Well, I am scribbling at their table while they are dressing for dinner, and here comes the soup, so I must conclude, but I think I have justified my writing to you, and do you know that I have a good mind to write a book about London, and take credit for having invented it. HESTER says I may have her share of the honour, and she will look up all the facts and copy them out for me. What do you think, old man?

"Agrées, &c.,

"PEREGRINE FALCON."

"P.S. HESTER says I might as well marry her. I don't know what to say. To be sure we might write delightful travel books together, like Mr. and Mrs. CARTER HALL. If she would be as jolly afterwards as she is now, I wouldn't much mind. But I hear club fellows say that wives grow so awful cold and sulky. What do you think, old man? To-night we're going to the Wax-works. Fancy the Honourable P. FALCON at gas-lighted wax-works. But HESTER says she wants to be able to say she has seen them, and people in the country think a deal of 'em, HESTER says."

CRINOLINE KITES.

THE attention of our junior male readers is called to the annexed paragraph out of the *Dover Chronicle*; because it records an occurrence which suggests a new amusement:—

"BLOWN INTO THE SEA.—On Tuesday, as a lady was walking down the lower steps of the jetty at Margate, the wind, which was blowing almost a gale at the time, caught under her crinoline, and she fell into the sea. In falling, it is supposed, her head came in contact with one of the boats, as she received a severe cut over the eye. One of the sailors, as soon as he saw what had occurred, jumped into the water and brought her out."

If the wind will lift a lady into the air by catching under her crinoline, it will of course, when its force abates a little, drop her, unless caused to sustain her by some contrivance calculated to effect that purpose under the operation of physical laws. A kite is a familiar example of an object so constructed that the wind may be made to support it by being brought to act upon it in a certain direction. Now, if the wind will lift a woman by a common-sized crinoline, it will raise her still higher when its power is exerted upon one of larger dimensions. By a sufficient extension of a girl's crinoline, in short, it would be easy to convert her into an actual kite. Here, then, is a new idea of pastime and recreation for youth of both sexes. On any fine day, with a sufficient breeze, boys might be enabled to divert themselves by flying their sisters, and sisters' young friends. The young lady employed for the purpose would only want to have on a crinoline a very little exceeding the circumference at present in vogue, furnished with a tail consisting of bows of ribbon, and with an adequate length of cord affixed by a hook to the centre of her girdle. The cord might be wound upon a winch or windlass; and after she had been hoisted a little way, which would require the united pull of several boys, she could be let out by means of that engine to any required height by a single tolerably strong boy. If the cord should snap, she would probably come down like a parachute; but, to obviate the ill consequences of a too rapid descent, it would be as well always, if convenient, to fly her over the sea a little clear of boats, where, in the event of her falling, she would not be hurt, and sailors, seeing what had occurred, could jump into the water and bring her out with little difficulty.

A young lady of a scientific turn, whilst enjoying an airing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, might also take advantage of her position to make barometrical and hygrometrical observations, and ascertain the quantity of ozone existing in that situation.

The remark may perhaps be made, that a very pretty name for a young lady constituted in the manner above described a Kite, would be KITTY.

An Army that is Well-Crammed.

It seems that the principal support of the Federal army is salt pork and "crackers." We suppose that by the latter a complimentary allusion is intended to be paid to the invigorating effect that M'CLELLAN's despatches have had upon the spirits of the Northern heroes; for such veracious documents as generally turn defeats into victories, and retreats into "strategic movements," cannot be looked upon otherwise than as most substantial "crackers."



THE NEXT THING—EVERY MAN HIS OWN ADVERTISER.

PAPAL SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

By advice from Civita Vecchia, we learn that:—

"Yesterday afternoon, being the Delegate's birthday, that prelate ordered some aquatic sports for the amusement of the public—such as sailors running up a soaped bowsprit to get a flag, and tumbling into the sea; his reverence condescended also to fling 40 or 50 live ducks from his balcony into the water, where they were eagerly pursued by the almost amphibious sailors and fishermen."

One wonders how many of the pontifical sailors were kind enough to contribute to the amusement of the public by tumbling into the sea in the attempt to run up a soaped bowsprit gratuitously, or anyhow for nothing better than a worthless flag. The Delegate of his Holiness at Civita Vecchia might have created more sport, if, to stimulate competition amongst the faithful tars, he had stuck an indulgence on the top of the bowsprit. Then, after that, if he had flung the ducks into the water, the beholders would have been amused with a consummation of quackery.

ANSWER THIS.

WHEN is a needy shoemaker like a dying whale?—When he is spouting his last.

A NOVELTY IN JOURNALISM.

THE exploits of GENERAL POPE, performed on paper, the "strategic movement" of McCLELLAN, which proved to be a "stampede," and the Federal telegrams in general, converting defeats into victories, have suggested the idea of starting a new newspaper, which, deriving its name from the nature of its contents, shall be called the *Imaginary News*.

The *Imaginary News* will be constituted on the principle of supplying people with the intelligence they wish to receive. There are many persons who are sick of the abominable battles with their hideous accounts of killed and mutilated, the frightful accidents, the dreadful murders and other atrocious crimes and offences, which abound in the existing journals. In their disgust and impatience they are ready to exclaim against the writers who serve them with this everlasting mass of horrors:—

"Out on ye, owls; nothing but songs of death!"

They hunger and thirst after good tidings. They want pleasant things to read at breakfast to give it a relish, and not displeasing facts to spoil it. The newspaper for their money is one which, in the hotel or the railway carriage, would be a cheerful and not a dismal companion, a wet blanket, a damper, a kill-joy and a bore. They don't want to hear of fires and conflagrations which put them in fear for their own homes, or to be told that the funds have fallen and there is a panic in the City, or that anything else has occurred, or is going on anywhere, likely to ruin them or reduce their circumstances. They had rather not know of deficient crops and potato blights and a terrible Cotton famine, or any other form of distress which harrows their feelings and annoys them with the prospect of being called on to subscribe for its relief. Detestable in their eyes are all the narratives of wars, and rumours of wars that make them tremble lest this country should be involved in hostilities, and threaten them with the aggravated penalty of an increased Income-Tax. Considering that the disaster apprehended very seldom happens, and that the disaster which does happen is generally unforeseen, they think they had better be made comfortable than uncomfortable in the meanwhile. Hence the demand for a consolatory and cheering journal, such as is contemplated in the foundation of the *Imaginary News*.

The columns of the *Imaginary News* will be exclusively composed of gratifying information. The space devoted to its leading articles will be filled with observations conceived in a joyous and hopeful spirit, calculated to inspire a happy frame of mind.

The subjoined announcements will exemplify the sort of reading to be afforded by the *Imaginary News*.

We congratulate our readers on the certainty of a more than abundant harvest, in fact the most ample ever known. Large quantities of English corn will, it is certain, be this year exported to Odessa.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI has entered Rome amid the acclamations of the people. The French troops have piled their arms and fraternised with the volunteers. The POPE will not trouble them to occupy Rome any more. His Holiness has recognised the logic of facts, agrees to be satisfied with his spiritual position as head of the Church, and will crown VICTOR-EMMANUEL King of Italy in the Cathedral of St. Peter.

The American Civil War has terminated. PRESIDENT LINCOLN has issued a proclamation declaring the prolongation of hostilities between North and South incompatible with civilisation and Christianity. The troops on both sides are disbanded, the blockade has been raised, and Commissioners are engaged in settling the boundary line between the Federal and Confederate States.

Half-a-million bales of Cotton have arrived in the Mersey.

The representations of the British Government have induced Austria to evacuate the Quadrilateral, and relinquish Venice to Italy.

The EMPEROR NAPOLEON has promulgated an ordinance declaring that, in the presence of circumstances which assure the peace of the world, France will disarm.

Consols have gone up to 99½.

In addition to particulars such as the foregoing, the *Imaginary News* will contain the usual record of Births and Marriages, but not that of Deaths. In its editorial remarks the continuance of peace and plenty will be confidently predicted; a high view of human nature will be maintained, the existence of crime, pauperism, sickness, and every other variety of evil and misery, will be steadily denied.

From the preceding statement it will be evident that the *Imaginary News* is likely to take a stand among the works of fiction.

ANOTHER MEMBER'S REVENGE.

"We should always provide against a rainy day," as the Member of the * * * * Club said, when he stole the umbrella out of the hall.

"PREVENTION is better than cure," as the Pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the Pork-butcher.

THE LOYAL IRISHMAN IN AMERICA.

Is it me neck you'd like to wear your collar?
 Me self to be your military slave?
 The devil fly away with your base dollar,
 Me too, the thirty coin if I reave.
 Com do I say? Such pay from such paymasters,
 Bedad! is what I'd like to know who 'll get,
 When for cracked crowns you give your troops shimplasters,
 Which cover nothing but a power o' debt.

My wealth and goods put any kind of tax on,
 And get me, if you can, to pay that same.
 But I'm the fellow-subject of the Saxon,
 And to alligiance own VICTORIA's claim.
 I spurn your vile imaginary wages,
 Will staid my fist for no such palthry hire;
 Benathe BRITANNIA's flag, behind her agis,
 Conscription if ye threaten, I retire.

Go, SERGEANT SNAP, don't talk to PADDY CAREY,
 Nor tempt me soul with visionary pay.
 Of bloodshed, barrin for me QUERR, I'm thary;
 Your blarney on this boy is thrown away.
 I'm not to be imposed on by effrontery;
 Me nation is the jewel of the sea.
 Observe, I'm a young man from the old country;
 But, arrah! sure you don't come over me.



THE LAST OF THE 'MERICANS.

From an Historical Romance preparing for Publication.

At length this internecine warfare came to its inevitable close. Of all the eight and twenty millions who had struggled and stamped throughout the terrific conflict, a solitary unit now survived. New York and Memphis, Richmond and Pennsylvania, were heaps of broken bricks on which announce boards were erected with the pathetic inscription "For Sale." LINCOLN and DAVIS were locked in a last and (let us hope) affectionate embrace. STANTON alone remained. The celebrated feline duel in Kilkenny was eclipsed, for only *one* tail was left to tell the dread catastrophe. JONATHAN's big bonfire—America—was extinguished, but from its ashes rose a Phoenix-Empire, bearing the negro-classico name of Pompeii. By no servile revolt, but by a natural law of compensation, HAM became the acknowledged guardian of the public weal. His personal representatives, who, like ELIZA on the wood-crowned height, unmoved by cajolery or bribes, had been passive and dignified spectators of the frantic fight, were now absolute masters of the soil they had so long gratuitously tilled. POMPEY THE FIRST was monarch of all he surveyed!

As STANTON emerged from the War Office, his features bore traces of deep dejection and remorse. "Oh, Stars and Stripes!" he said, apostrophising a tattered banner which lay neglected at his feet, "we thought our Stars were fixed, and lo! like Lucifer, they have fallen, and the Stripes we meant for others' backs have descended on our own." Scarcely had he given utterance to these veracious words—the first of a series—when some Irish lacqueys in scarlet and gold

(the King's livery) politely requested his attendance before their royal master. Escorting by these flaming menials, he quickly reached the Saccharine Palace (built entirely of sugar-cane), and as a lion, by instinct knows the true Prince, mechanically the Yankee bowed before the throne of POMPEY, who like BLOXMIN—serene though greatly elevated—was the first of his line.

Penetrated by compassion for the lonely wight, the magnanimous monarch held forth his soft dark hand to which in token of allegiance, the eager Yankee pressed his loyal lips. "The last of the 'Mericans," as POMPEY tenderly called him, was then motioned to depart. He now holds an engagement as Fire-reporter to the Press, which in the hey-day of official prosperity, he had treated as a sick child, and by the vehicle of military despatches, had compelled to swallow the most nauseous stuff.

His sable Majesty, having drunk his sangaree and donned his purple robes, then set out to open Parliament, supported by Silver Stick, and preceded by the Usher of the Black Rod.

THE ROYAL SPEECH.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In summoning you to our Councils, we congratulate you that our faithful subjects, the coloured people of Pompeii, having set their liberty upon a cast, have secured their independence notwithstanding the hazard of the dye.

"We daily receive assurances of amity from Foreign Powers, with whom our diplomatic intercourse is distinguished by an amenity not indigenous to any part of this great Continent.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"We had directed estimates to be prepared with due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service. While making ample provision for our national defences, we are not unmindful that the Government which maintains vast military and naval armaments solely for the acquisition of Glory or Territory derives its inspiration from either a simpleton or a knave.

"Profiting by the example of an august ally the EMPEROR OF JAPAN, we have made considerable retrenchments in diplomatic expenditure, as the European States to which our ambassadors are accredited, now defray the entire expenses of the embassy.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The export of our staple production, cotton, we are gratified to learn, has immensely increased under our Government—the supply being no longer regulated by physical force. Instead of hoeing with a lash over his shoulder, the agricultural labourer now works with a dollar before his eye. Golden syrup is a better stimulant than bitters. Of this fact we have evidence in black and white.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The financial affairs of the country, which under democratic misrule had created universal alarm, are now placed on a sound and satisfactory footing, and that without having recourse to the aid of a sponge.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received a communication from the Papal Nuncio expressing the gratification of his Holiness with his recent visit to Pompeii, and intimating his intention to take up his permanent residence in this favoured land, where wise and liberal reforms tend to consolidate our Institutions, and where freedom of opinion is the birthright of all our sons.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"Our eldest daughter, the PRINCESS OF FLORIDA is about to form an alliance with our illustrious Poet Laureate. While recognising the omnipotence of Love, we cannot but feel that our Royal House will derive a lustre from its union with genius, more resplendent than any jewel in our crown.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Sensible of the impolicy of sumptuary laws, we have nevertheless deemed it expedient, owing to the crowded state of our Hospitals, to instruct the Attorney-General to prepare a Bill for the immediate abolition of Hoops, and (subject to the approval of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour) for the substitution of some efficient mode by which Hearts instead of Heels may be taken captive.

"The Early Closing Movement has always received our strenuous support, and we should be glad if its advantages could be extended to both Houses of Parliament, having frequently had occasion to remark the evils connected with late hours of business, and being painfully conscious that the evening's legislation will not always bear the morning's reflection."

Signs of Peace.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS accuses his President of being "a turtle." MR. LINCOLN has been making a speech at a meeting, so the BISHOP OF OXFORD will be pleased to think that "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."



ANCIENT MARINER (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "Nice Row or Sail this evening, Sir!"

GAOL-BIRD WATCHERS WANTED.

MR. PUNCH, he scarce need say, has little wish to lessen the liberty enjoyed by any free-born British subject. But the liberty of knocking Mr. Punch upon the head, or of garotting him by gaslight, or of using other violence against his sacred person, for such liberty as this Mr. Punch has little sympathy, and he always will do all within his power to diminish it. So, when Mr. Punch observes that the liberty extended to incarcerated prisoners, released before the expiration of their sentences by virtue of certificates which are called their tickets of leave—that this liberty is used by its fortunate possessors as a means to bruise and batter helpless people in the streets, and to perpetrate all sorts of crimes and savage cruelties, Mr. Punch then feels inclined to look upon such liberty as a wild and savage licence which ought not to be suffered in a civilised community, and which in common sense and justice ought to be suppressed.

Oh but, say philanthropists, you ought in charity to give the poor unhappy criminal a chance of reformation. Yes, granted, so that this does not involve the chance of cutting other people's throats, or using fancy ways to bludgeon or garotte them. It has been ascertained that twenty out of every hundred prisoners, who have been set free with these certificates of leave, return to crime again when they possess their liberty; and it is suspected by those competent to judge, that more than fifty in each hundred of them actually do so. A large per-centage this for the philanthropists to fight against, when they try to make us fancy that the ticket-of-leave system works most admirably well, and that very few, if any, evils are occasioned by it. Surely it is misdirected sympathy to feel compassion only for those who are criminal. Ought there not to be compassion for the innocent, who now nightly run the risk of being strangled in the streets? And ought not means for their protection in pity to be thought of, before the interesting criminal who threatens them be cared for?

Tickets of leave are granted *durante vita bene acta*—upon condition that those blest with them shall properly conduct themselves. No fresh vice is needful to cause their being cancelled. It is legibly endorsed upon each of these certificates that if the holder "associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, it will be

assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence."

In Ireland, says a writer in the *Times*, who seems acquainted with the subject, these sensible conditions are rigidly enforced. In England, he affirms, they are completely disregarded. Will SIR RICHARD MAYNE inform us kindly, why? Have we in England not police enough to watch the gaol-birds who are liberated? If this be so, SIR RICHARD, pray get what more men you want, and let us know the cost of them. Criminal prevention is better far than cure: if tickets of leave *do* cure, which at present there are grounds for more than half denying. To pay for more police is a less painful operation than to have one's eye gouged out, or one's neck garotted. So, if need be, let us clap on extra peeler power expressly to look after these interesting criminals, who by gammoning the governor, and coming the religious dodge to please the chaplain, have managed to obtain a leave of absence from our gaols. The police, by the late Poaching Act, will be obliged in some places to put on extra bulls'-eyes to see after the pheasants; and were some extra men employed to watch the gaol-birds out of cage, possibly there might be less of poaching on our pockets, and garotting of our throats.

THE YANKEE NAME AND SURNAME.

WHAT shall we say of JONATHAN vowing vengeance and breathing fire and fury against his Southern kinsfolk? May we not say that JONATHAN is exhibiting himself in the character of JONATHAN WILD?

To a Correspondent.

To a Lady-Correspondent from Reading, who remarks with some motherly indignation upon the admiration which the statue of the *Reading Girl* has excited, and who says that she has a Reading boy who, if he were properly sculptured, would be equal to any girl in that respectable Berkshire village, we can only say, that she had better send up her boy, carriage paid, to the Stereoscopic Company, who have bought the girl. We never interfere in local disputes.